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PUCK BUILDING, New York, May 4th, 1910.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What fools these mortals be!"



Puck

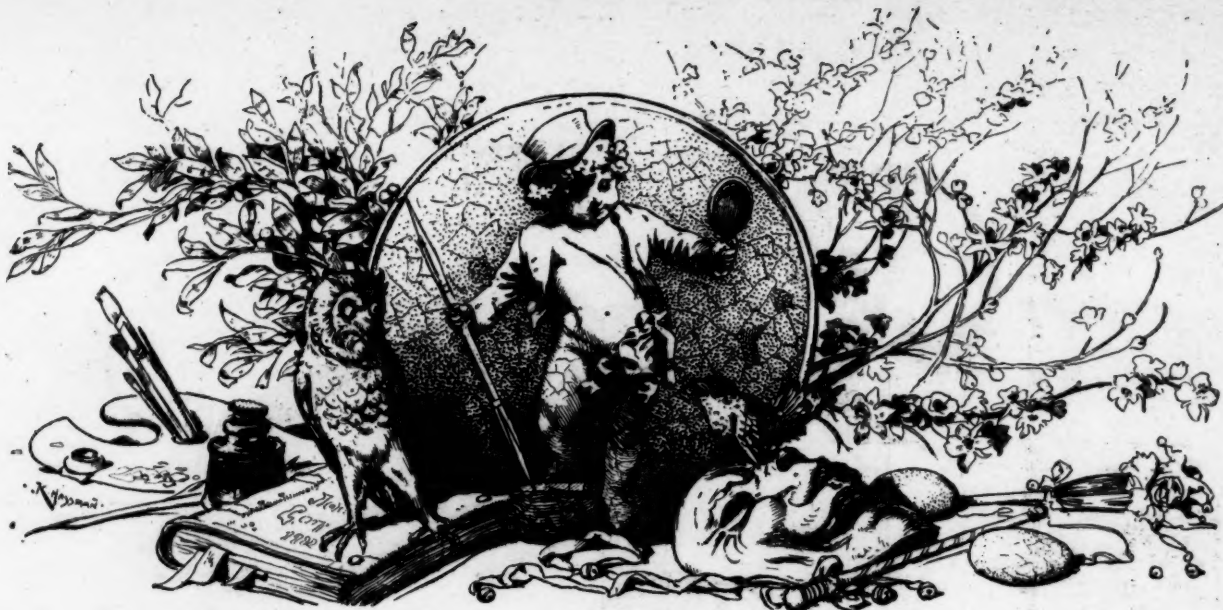


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"FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!"



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Mark Twain.

"SO LONG, old man!" It's hard to see you go,
Dear gray old comrade with the boyish
heart,

The smile of summer and the hair of snow,
The magic tongue that made the laughter start;
"So long!" You would not have us say
"Farewell!"

As smilingly you cross the Great Divide,
And we, despite the tolling of the bell,
Smile back at you—and brush a tear aside.

"So long, old man!"—a quaint, familiar
phrase,

But somehow fitting to a friend like you
Who cast enchantment o'er our childhood
days,—

A magic growing stronger as we grew;
Who gave us Tom and Huckleberry Finn
As boon companions of the pleasant years,
And told us tales of many sorts to win
The tribute of our laughter and our tears.

"So long, old man!" You've vanished from our
sight,

And we shall miss that drawl, that lazy smile,
And we shall miss the eyes so full of light,—
Yet you will be here with us all the while.
For Huck and Tom and Jim will still remain,
And Colonel Sellers with his golden schemes,—
With them we shall not talk of you in vain,—
"So long, old man!"—sweet rest and pleasant
dreams!

Berton Braley.

IF THE gentlemen who comprise the Beef Trust will take it in good part, we would be pleased to offer them a suggestion. It is a simple one, easily stated. We suggest to these gentlemen that they reduce materially the price of meat, the price of every grade of meat which they handle, and at every one of their many distributing points. We suggest that they do this discreetly and gradually, assigning as a cause for the drop in prices any combination of legitimate reasons that their knowledge of the business can devise. Let the ultimate reduction be so marked that the ultimate consumer and all his many relations will realize that it is indeed a fact, and not a demonstration on paper. Even if it means a loss, a real money loss, let the low-price level prevail. For all this time, gentlemen of the Beef Trust, will you not be able to say to the country at large, feigning bland triumph in your tones: "Look, O American people, at the descending price of meat, and never heed again the demagogue's cry that High Protection for us means high cost to you"? Just at present, gentlemen, the number of persons who believe otherwise is large. Some of them are overturning Republican majorities in order to express their opinion unmistakably. Next

Fall a whole lot of them may elect a Democratic Congress. In the meantime, gentlemen, anything you can do to dispel this impression from the public mind, even if it cost you a temporary loss, will be well worth while. It will help you if you can get a lot of good people to say: "Oh, I guess the tariff has n't anything to do with the price of meat." It will help you much. Get people in that frame of mind now by a temporary sacrifice and they will more than likely renew your right to soak them in November. Sacrifice the pawn of present profit to keep the king of Privilege and Monopoly.

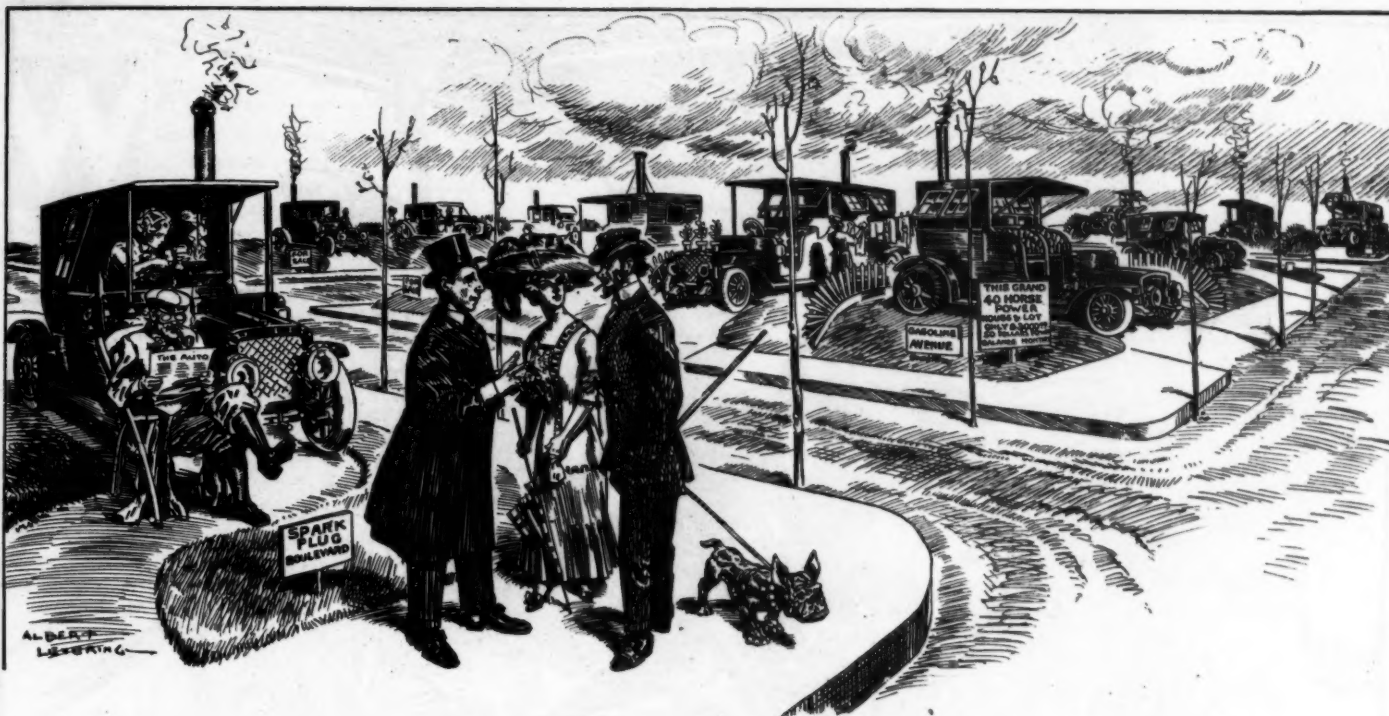


HOOLIGAN TO THE RESCUE!

THE oath that a President does *not* take: I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the Republican (or Democratic) Organization, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Solidarity of my Party.

POSSIBLY it is HALLEY's comet which has pulled the Republican Party out of its orbit.

IT is a relief to learn that President TAFT has WILLIAM R. HEARST's approval. Disapproving, HEARST might speak of TAFT the way he did of MCKINLEY.



WHY NOT DISPENSE WITH HOUSES?

REAL-ESTATE AGENT (*representing beautiful Honkhurst*).—You pay \$500 down and the rest the same as rent. Each machine is fitted with a kitchenette, and the gasoline mains will positively be laid through this street in the Fall.

MAUD MULLER.



THE Judge was out in his new machine,
A nifty, imported limousine.

He honked his honker in the shade
Of the apple-tree, to call the maid,
And asked for water from the spring
To cool his motor sputtering.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled, twelve times, a big tin cup,

And blushed, as she gave it, looking down
At her shoes, all mud, and her spattered gown.

"Bliged!" said the Judge, "and all that rot.
Jove! but the beastly thing was hot."

He spoke of the clutch and power and gear,
Of motor and shaft, while Maud gave ear;

Then he talked of tires, and wondered whether
That patched hind-tube would hold together.

And Maud forgot her spattered gown
And spring-drenched ankles, muddy brown,

And listened, while a dazed surprise
Looked from her—don't know color—eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks vain excuse, he chugged away.

Maud Muller dodged and sighed: "O Gee!
That I the Judge's bride might be!"

PUCK'S Patent Whittier.

CUT OFF IN INFANCY.

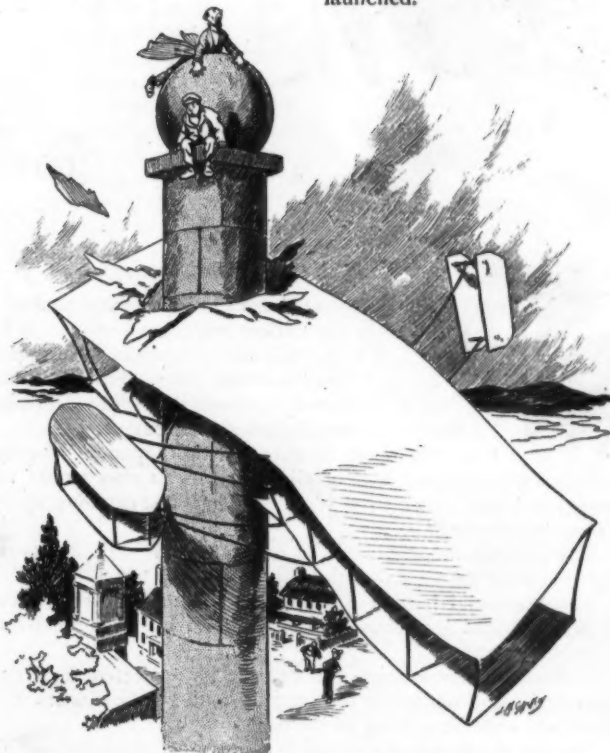
MRS. JONES had been reading of germ-laden banknotes.
"Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed. "George, do you
know how deadly dangerous money really is?"

"I should say I do," replied her husband. "Look at the num-
ber of bills it has killed at Albany alone!"

HOW IT BEGAN.

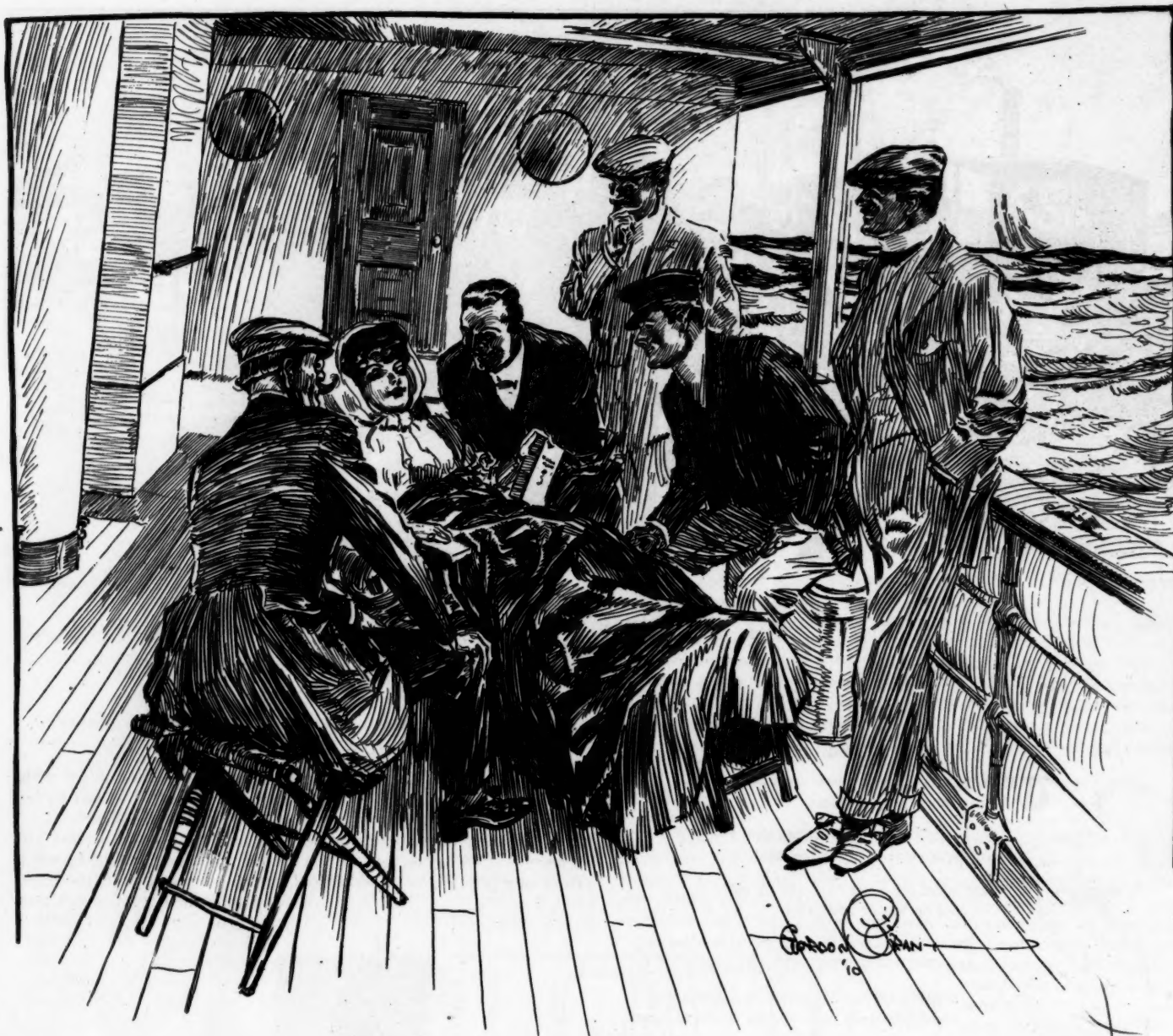
NATURALLY the hand that rocked the cradle, being gifted with
mind, got to wondering, at length, if the world was n't to be
ruled in some manner more intellectual, spirited, and brilliant.

"At all events, there's more than one way to skin a cat!" it
reflected. And reasoning by such bold analogies it went forward
from one position to another until, in the course of time, the most
striking movement of the age was
launched.



THE HELP-WANTED COLUMN.

No man may be divested of all his friends. The very fact that a man is
reputed to "have no friends" makes some friends for him.



DEEP-SEA FISHING.

SCIENCE BRIEFS.



EARLY all the great American inventions should be credited to the Barlow knife.

It is figured that tenderloin steak will be extinct in less than three years. Strict laws must also be enacted to protect the rapidly decreasing herds of lamb chops and veal cutlets.

It is impossible to swear in the Japanese language.

Two thousand tons of choice American cuss words were imported into that country last year. Japan is fast catching up with her Eastern neighbors.

The greatest modern piece of fiction embraces the tracts now being circulated showing that the South is totally dry.

Four thousand barrels of whisky were manufactured last year. One hundred and six thousand barrels were sold over the bars in this country.

Unless the Guinea-hen industry can be protected from dark-complected night marauders the partridge and grouse dinners in this country will soon be a thing of the past.

Despite the fact that a sucker is skinned every minute, and that thousands of young hides are tanned in this country every week, it is impossible to buy a square foot of human leather at a reasonable rate.

It takes six thousand horse-power of energy to draw a modern freight train a mile. It takes twice this amount to draw a decent salary for a minute.

Scientists predict that a severe frost will kill the peach crop again this Spring as usual.

The blooded race-horse is the fastest animal on foot. Some race-horses are faster than others.

A ton of coal contains three horse-power of energy, one hundred and six scuttles of carbon, six tons of ashes, twelve backaches, and six sprained muscles, to say nothing of \$7.25 in real money and no credit.

A silent steampipe and radiator have been invented for use in hotels and apartment houses.

The dwarfs of Africa measure only four feet high. The smallest race of men in America consists of those who borrow money and forget to pay.

A phenomenal migration of game birds is recorded whereby six hundred Southern quail were found in a New York restaurant during the closed season.

It is demanded by the Government that the English sparrow be destroyed. The price of plover and railbirds has already dropped in the best eating-houses.

The codfish ball is one of the most remunerative by-products of the codfish.

Don. Cameron Shafer.

If you show that you are always willing to keep your nose to the grindstone the other fellow will soon be wanting you to turn the wheel as well.



THE SEEKER

A prominent novelist, recently divorced, explained some of his wife's allegations by saying that he had to descend to the depths of society to get material.—*News Item.*

HEN Riter came home at a quarter to four
In a state of extreme inebriety,
He said to his wife, who was there
at the door:

"I've been out in the dep'sh of society.
I wanted to get 'local color,' m' dear,
Some lively shor' story material."
"I see," she replied, "and it's patently clear
That you've gathered enough for a serial."

When Riter decided to publish a book
With a hero of nature burglarious,
He got him a mask and a jimmy and took
To nightly excursions nefarious.
The officers nabbed him and put him in jail,
He laughed with a cheerful vivacity,
"For truly," he said, "this will give to the tale
An impress of perfect veracity!"

To write his great novel of "passion and pain,"
And get the right atmosphere in it, he
Deserted his wife who was faithful—but plain—
And eloped with a pretty "affinity."
Then he took to the absinthe and then to the dope
And forged a few checks on the quiet; he
Maintained he was forced by his talent to grope
In the dark and the "depths of society."

He plunged into vice with particular vim,
He sought for it where it was seekable;
He robbed and he swindled, and folks said of him:
"His morals are simply unspeakable."
But still he asserted, before he could write
Of vice or of crime, he must try it; he
Must judge of a dog by the depth of its bite,
Of the world—by the "depths of society."

At last this poor author—(he seems to me still
A poor and much-to-be-pitied one)—
In order to write of a murder with skill
Went out in the night and committed one.
They caught him and hanged him—as justly they ought—
For a deed of such fearful impiety,
And his spirit is getting the "color" he sought
In the "nethermost depths of society."

Berton Braley.



ROLLING COUNTRY.

TEACHER OF BUG SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—Now, children, we will follow
the right branch of that corduroy road, and so on over the hill, till we come
to the picnic grounds.



THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE.

THAT BLESSED REALM.

"My idea of heaven," said the maiden, "is a ballroom floor about
the size of the Atlantic Ocean with fourteen Davidgraham-
phillips heroes begging for dances."

"My idea of heaven," said the youth, "is a stack of blank checks
a foot high signed by Dad and good at the National City
Bank."

"My idea of heaven," said the politician, "is
\$100,000,000 worth of appropriations in a
city devoid of newspapers and magazines."

"My idea of heaven," said the
tramp, "is a hundred thousand
miles of handouts and haystacks."

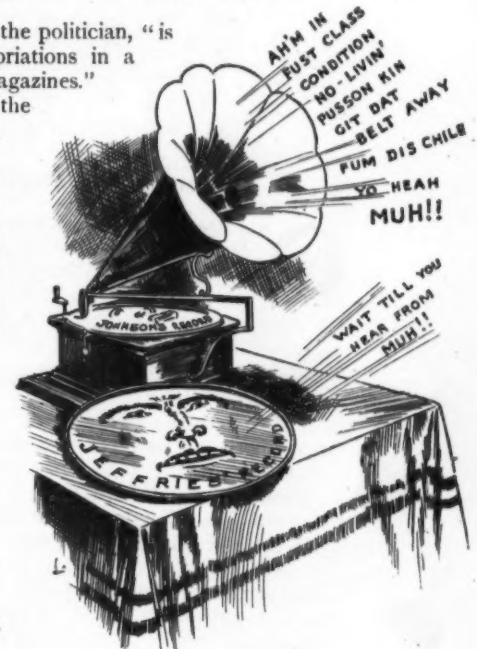
"My idea of heaven," said
the conservative business man,
"is a prosperous country which
will not for an instant tolerate
senseless clamor against the vested
interests to which an all-wise
Providence has entrusted that
country's wealth."

"My idea of heaven,"
said the lover, "is a pair of
soft, warm lips against
mine."

"My idea of heaven,"
said the agnostic, is—
But there ain't no sich
thing!"

"My idea of heaven,"
said the devil, "is hell."

C. P. Russell.



GLANCES.

HE would have been glad to ex-
change glances with her.

But a fair exchange were no
robbery.

And she chose rather to steal a
glance when she thought he was n't
looking.

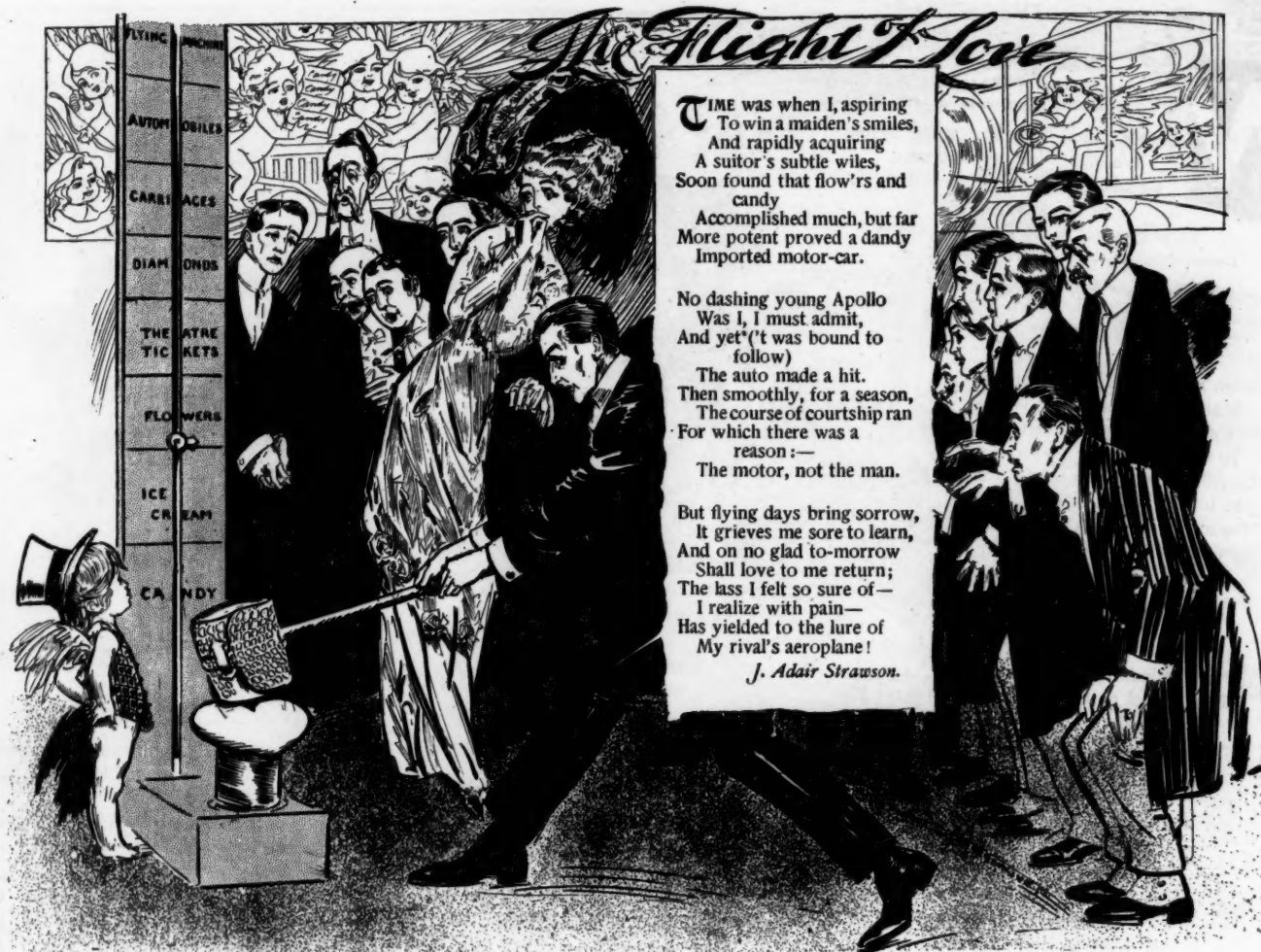
"Oh, woman, woman!" he murmured, but dared not re-
proach her openly.

POWER OF SUGGESTION.

ANGRY MAN (at the telephone).—You go hang yourself,
Smithers! (After a pause) Do you hear me?
CENTRAL.—Your party hung up!

SENSATIONAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

The Winner Talking Machine Co. has
closed arrangements with Jack Johnson
and Jim Jeffries whereby their great bat-
tle will be fought out on the Winner. Both
contestants have agreed to shut their
mouths to all press-agents and inter-
viewers, and transfer their field of conflict
to the Winner laboratory, thus giving the
public a chance to judge of the merits of
the two incomparable pugilists by hearing
their own wonderful voices.



TIME was when I, aspiring
To win a maiden's smiles,
And rapidly acquiring
A suitor's subtle wiles,
Soon found that flow'rs and
candy
Accomplished much, but far
More potent proved a dandy
Imported motor-car.

No dashing young Apollo
Was I, I must admit,
And yet 't was bound to
follow
The auto made a hit.
Then smoothly, for a season,
The course of courtship ran
For which there was a
reason:—
The motor, not the man.

But flying days bring sorrow,
It grieves me sore to learn,
And on no glad to-morrow
Shall love to me return;
The lass I felt so sure of—
I realize with pain—
Has yielded to the lure of
My rival's aeroplane!

J. Adair Strawnson.

THE BEES AND THE HORNETS.

ONCE upon a time a swarm of busy Bees made and stored a large quantity of honey in order to provide for their wants during the long winter. But it so happened one day, when the Bees were not watching, a swarm of Hornets came along, preëmpted the honey, and claimed it as their own by right of discovery.

Then ensued a great dispute lasting for a long time. Lawyers were called in, and the more they talked the more confused grew the issue, until even some of the Bees thought that the Hornets had the best claim to the honey.

At length they decided to leave the question to the Wasp as judge. The Wasp stayed awake as well as he could and listened while the contesting parties presented their respective arguments.

When they had finished, the Wasp said he would take the question under advisement and render his decision as soon as compatible with a careful examination of the law and the facts.

Several years later the Wasp handed down his decision in favor of the Hornets. He said that it had been an exceptionally difficult case to decide, because common sense seemed to favor the Bees. On the other hand, he declared, everything else, such as the Constitution, the statutes, and the welfare of business, was

on the side of the Hornets. He explained that, while the Bees may once have had rights, they had slept on them so long that they had them no longer. Furthermore, inasmuch as the Hornets had been in possession of the honey for so long, a period of time amply covered by the Statute of Limitations, the honey must be viewed, not in the light of stolen goods, but rather as unearned increment, to deprive them of the veriest title of which, even for purposes of taxation, would be nothing less than confiscation, a process which is especially abhorrent to people who have things to which they are not entitled.

The Hornets were so pleased with this decision that, a year or two later, they had Wasp appointed Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court. *Ellis O. Jones.*

COURTESY.

I DEEMED it of good augury that the man to whom I presented the bill was courtesy itself.

"Surely," quoth I, "you will not let me go away under the impression that courtesy does n't pay?"

He started, as though such general aspects of the business had not much engaged his attention.

WE'RE riding in Spring's auto now,
Through mud and mire,
And each of us appears to have
An extra tire.



THE CARPENTER'S IDEA OF ONE.

Reputation is what enables you to get along in this world when you have n't any character.



THE SEVEN AGES OF BASEBALL.

ALL the world's a ball field;
And all the men upon it merely players:
They have their innings and their goings-out;
And one man in his time makes many plays,
At bat and on the diamond. At first the Kidlet,
Biffing the ball about the vacant lots.
And then the "semi-pro" with fierce ambition
Some day to be as great as Honus Wagner
And draw big coin. And then the Minor—
The Minor Leaguer—soon by scout discovered,
Bought, and given a try-out. Then the Major—
The Major Leaguer—idol of the bleachers,
Quick on bases, snappy and sure in fielding,
Seeking the slugger's reputation
E'en against Three-Fingered Brown. Then—pouf!—
benchwarming!

His leg goes bad, his arm or eye or something.
He bats 'em out before the game, and coaches,
In sweater clad, at first or third. The papers
All fear he "can't come back." The sixth age
shifts
To Minor Leagues again, and there he is.
He says he's just as good as e'er he was,
But even here too fast 's the company
For his bad leg or arm; his manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble,
blames
It on the umpire. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is Bush League hopelessness and sure
oblivion,
Sans speed, sans arm, sans eye, sans everything!



A. H. F.



WHAT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

LET US BE THANKFUL THEY ARE WEARING CHICKENS.

LIKELY ENOUGH.

"WHILE a well-dressed feller—stranger in the village—was crank-
in' up his automobile out here yesterday," said the landlord
of the Pruntytown tavern, "the machine got started up somehow
and he was knocked down and run over and jammed into the mud
and dragged a ways, and so on.

He scrambled up, gave a yell, and set out after the machine,
which was n't goin' so awful fast. Before he overtook it he
stepped on a round stone, which threw him, head, neck, and
heels, into the mud again; but he got up, yellin' louder than
ever, and finally managed to ketch the machine and climbed
in and stopped it.

"Lester Fagg happened to be right there with a pick-ax on
his shoulder, and the feller jumped out, grabbed the pick-ax, and
sailed in on the machine, and picked and tore it 'most all to pieces.
Then he threw down the pick and put off on foot down the road,
a-stompin' so heavy that the mud flew as high as his head every
time he jumped.

"I asked Lester who he s'posed the feller was, and he said he
guessed he must be one o' them Idle Rich that we read so much
about in the papers nowadays."

THE POSTAL SAVINGS-BANK.

THE opponents of the postal savings-bank have now narrowed
their objections down to two chief lines of argument:

First, on account of the low interest rate which the bank would
be compelled to pay, people would not have sufficient inducement
to save; and second, on account of the great security offered peo-
ple would be induced to save too much, and thus hurt business. The
inference is unavoidable.

This of course puts us into an inextricable hole. There is
no way out, for if we raised the rate of interest people would
save too much and thus hurt business, except for the coincident
fact that higher interest rates would make the bank less secure,
and people would not save enough, much to their moral and eco-
nomic undoing.

And so we may have to put up with things as they are, not
because they are all right, but because the objections to them, if
any exist, have not been reduced to such cold logic.

THERE is a quality of possible revenge in having stuck like a
porous-plaster to an unworthy friend. It hurts him all right
when you do pull away finally.

PUCK



DRILLING THE CHORUS LADIES.

STAGE-DIRECTOR.—Now then, Miss O'Hare, more volume! Open your mouth *wide* and throw yourself right into it!

WORLD WITHOUT END.

WORLD without end! What a funny thing!
Hear that cussed canary sing!
Would you love to listen—year on year—
To that wearisome treble strong and clear;
Or to hear the cats through the infinite nights—
Infinite serenades,—infinite fights?
Limit'ess fields, and limitless flowers,
Infinite bores, and infinite hours.
That's how it would be. Think it over, my friend,
Would n't it weary us,—world without end?

World without end! Huh-uh! Not for me!
I'd much rather play table-stakes, you see.
I want to know that a comet *may* come,
Or the earth get a pain in its tummy-tum-tum
And boost us all to the heavenly blue.
I like some novelty. Say! Don't you?
Continuous vaudeville may be all very well,
But for me the night—and a breathing spell;
For when we're blasé and heart-weary, my friend,
Things are n't attractive—world without end.

W. Edson Smith.

BIG JOB.

CITIZEN.—Yes, the city is going to spend three millions in
improving our parks.
STRANGER.—Indeed? What is the scheme?
CITIZEN.—We are going to remodel them to look like the
souvenir postals of them.

THE practical politician who in a cruder stage of his art kissed
the babies and showered the women with inane compliments,
now preserves more of his self-respect, while achieving substantially
equal results, by telling the fat men they are getting thin and the
lean men they are getting stout.



AN OLD-TIME TOBACCO JAR.

When marriage is a failure you can't settle your wife's alimony at ten
cents on the dollar.



The clamor and hurry of people who scurry
 On myriad missions of good or of ill,
 The deep diapason of traffic that plays on
 The streets of a city which never is still,—
 These sounds cannot swing me from labors
 that bring me
 The fat little envelope Saturday noon;
 And yet I start humming when gaily is
 strumming
 The loud street piano that jangles a tune.

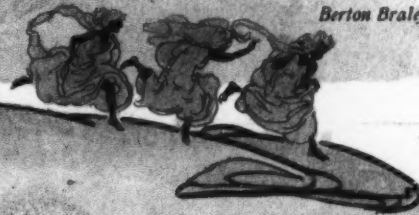
Let those who will do so applaud at Caruso,
 Go wild over Hofmann and others of note,
 But me for the straying pianoman's playing
 That steals to my ear on the breezes afloat,
 With sad tunes and bad tunes and mad tunes
 and glad tunes,
 With popular ditties that often repeat.
 And I, with my pencil or some such utensil,
 Keep tapping my desk to the tune in the
 street.

My figures grow hazy, I gaze with a lazy
 And indolent languor at nothing at all,
 In happy enslavement while up from the
 pavement
 The magical melodies summon and call.
 They build me a vision of meadows Elysian,
 Of brooklets that babble and breezes that croon,
 And, wistful and tender, young Spring in her
 splendor
 Comes dancing to me on the wings of a tune!

Berton Braley.



The Street Piano.



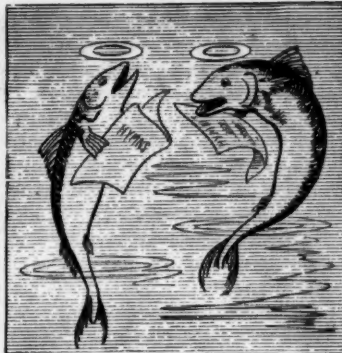
SOME ILLUSTRATED EXPLETIVES.



FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE!



JERUSALEM CRICKETS!



HOLY MACKEREL!



FOR THE LAND'S SAKE!

SUGGESTIONS FOR NEW PROFESSORSHIPS.



CHAIR OF APPLIED YELLING: To furnish instruction to the picked youth of our country in the theory and practice of "Rooting," with especial reference to the College Yell and other higher forms of Cacodemonics.

A CHAIR OF BLUFFOLOGY: To develop the scientific principles of the Costly and Sensational, but Perfectly Harmless, Investigation of Public Abuses, involving an exhaustive (of the public plunks) inquiry into the domestic habits of the Octopus, the Tiger, and the Elephant. A course in Aërated Elocution and Oratory could be made an adjunct to this (easy) chair.

A CHAIR OF HONEST GRAFT: To encourage our young men to study practical politics and to teach them conservative methods in the handling of corruption funds and the surest way of keeping out of jail.

A CHAIR OF FISTICS: To treat in an historical way the educational value of Slugging (leading to a degree in the "University of

Hard Knocks") with practical applications to the gridiron and the ringside. The courses should be open to co-ed. Suffragettes. The proper incumbent of this chair would be a retired ex-pounder of the Higher Eisticuffs.

A CHAIR OF TOMMYROTICS: To promote the microscopic study of the "cultures" of certain kinds of "higher" Literary Criticism (in the most advanced stage).

C. W. Lucas.

ALMS.

AS URGENT a problem as any that confronts practical philanthropy at present is that of correcting the crude conditions by reason of which the accumulation of wealth is capable of doing more mischief than the disbursement thereof can be made to undo. The impossibility of cutting any sort of an eleemosynary swath with less than a hundred millions is to be conceded, and it is a grave thing when the getting together of so large a sum is attended with more oppression than can be atoned for by any known method of distributing it in alms. To expect that a way out of the difficulty will eventually be found is to build upon a faith amply justified, but for the time being such a way eludes us, to the embarrassment, not to say chagrin, of benefactors who sincerely wish the proletariat to be left with no misgivings as to what is being handed them when they ask for bread.



THE RETREAT FROM LEXINGTON.

"And the Farmers gave them ball for ball
From behind each fence and barnyard wall."
—Paul Revere's Ride.

MEMORANDA.

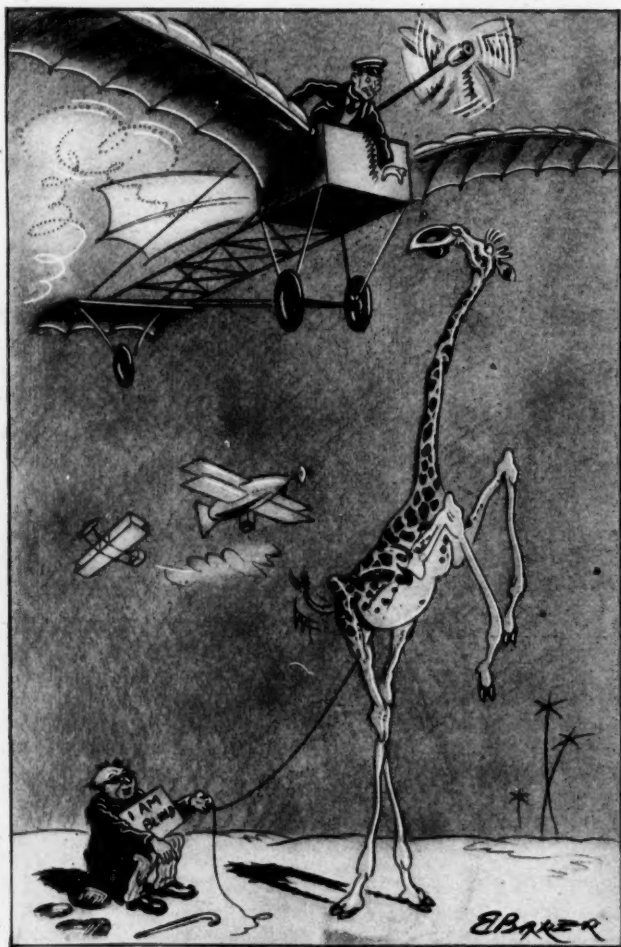
PROFESSOR.—It was by the inscription on this colossal obelisk that we succeeded in positively identifying the mummy of Rameses the First.

UNCLE HENRY.—I suppose all that Chinese rigmarole on there was his memoranda of the size of his socks, his watch number, whom to notify in case of death, and such truck?

CURVES.

SCHOOL TRUSTEE.—Remember, children, Michelangelo often worked for months on a single curve.

WILLIE.—Whatchergivinus? Never heard of the bush-leaguer!



"PLEASE HELP THE BLIND."

PROBABLE SUCCESSOR OF THE FAITHFUL DOG.

By the time you have acquired wisdom everybody looks upon you as an old fool.

MORE HASTE.

TICK-ER-TICK TICK-TICK, tick-er-tick
tick-tick,
Goes the wee little nickel clock,
But it never gains a moment on
The big one's slow Tick — Tock.

THE WAY IT GOES.

ONCE upon a time there was a Foolish Man who owned a Goose that laid a Golden Egg. While this was not by any means an Every-day Event, it occurred with sufficient Frequency to have enabled the Man, had he been so minded, to support the Wife of his Youth and their several Children in Comfort from the sale of the Auriferous Goose-fruit. But he

speedily acquired a low, febrile Yearning to have his rare and peculiar Nature understood by One whose Heart throbbed in harmonious Unison with his own.

But, as one Affinity is more expensive than several Wives and many Children, he was soon impelled to slay the Goose in the Hope of getting more Gold at one time than the regular output. Thereby, at one fell Stroke, he lost Goose, Chorus Girl, and all.

Moral: From this we should Learn that when the Affinity comes in at the Door, Horse-Sense jumps out of the Window; and also that a Goose and his Gold are soon parted.

Tom P. Morgan.



THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"True, I bay the moon upon occasion —"
The dog was speaking in his own defence.
"—but I don't make myself additionally unpopular by hounding people to buy tickets to hear me."

EDUCATION.

THE HOST.—What piece will you have, Miss Tootsie?

MISS TOOTSIE.—Please carve me the left square tangent east to seventy-six segment above the loin diagonal to fat parallel to — Oh, I beg pardon; I learned the cuts in cooking-school.



SPRING SCOUTING.

NO, THIS IS NOT A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE. THIS IS MERELY A CITY MAN "LOOKING UP" SUMMER BOARDING PLACES.

TACT.

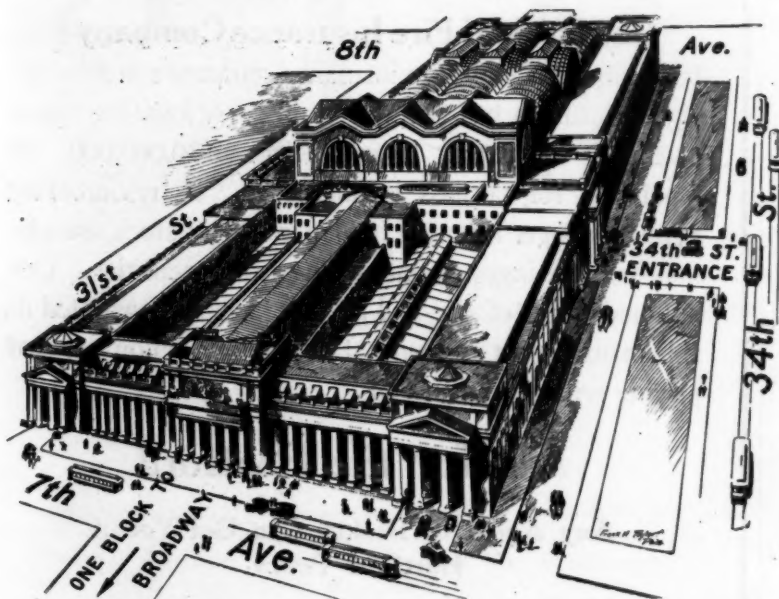
CONSCIENCE makes cowards of us all, and Tact is the by-product. Tact takes much trouble, but always that it may save more.

Though the truth is mighty and will prevail, Tact's blocking and interference often serve to postpone the touchdown considerably.

Tact is the guardian appointed by civilization to watch over honesty and keep it from making a mess of affairs.

PENNSYLVANIA STATION

IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK'S SOCIAL AND BUSINESS ACTIVITIES



The Pennsylvania Station in New York City fronts directly on Seventh Avenue, Thirty-first Street, Thirty-third Street, Eighth Avenue opposite the new United States Post Office, and on Thirty-fourth Street by special plaza. It has entrances and exits on all four fronts. The main entrance is at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-second Street, which leads directly to Broadway, Fifth Avenue, Madison Avenue, Park Avenue, and Lexington Avenue. This entrance is **one block from Broadway, two blocks from Fifth Avenue, and by way of Thirty-third Street one block from the busiest spot in the city's centre.**

Within a radius of a mile are located the majority of New York's big hotels, clubs, restaurants, places of amusement, and most of the big retail stores. The Seventh Avenue surface cars and the Eighth Avenue surface cars pass the doors of the Station, the Thirty-fourth Street surface cars (crosstown) pass the Thirty-fourth Street entrance, and a station of the Sixth Avenue Elevated is a short block from the Main Entrance. All sections of the city are within easy reach by regular lines of travel.


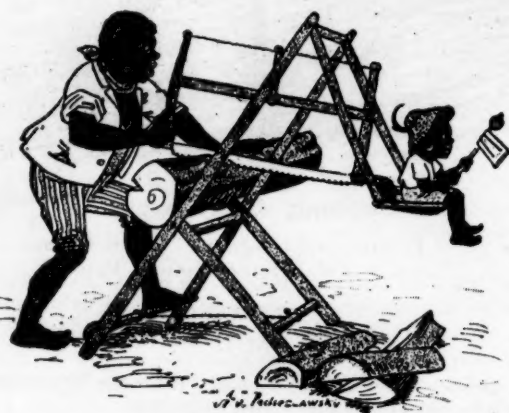
Through trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad will arrive at and depart from the Pennsylvania Station on time-tables which are now being arranged, to take effect on a date which will be announced in due course.

Travel to the "downtown" section of the city will also be provided for by trains from the transfer station at Harrison, near Newark, by way of the Hudson & Manhattan tubes from Jersey City to the Hudson Terminal at Cortlandt and Church Streets, which is the heart of the financial district as well as of the section where all the big industrial and manufacturing corporations have their business offices. The ferries between Jersey City and Cortlandt and Desbrosses Streets will be continued in operation.

The location of the station appeals directly to the hotel guest, the shopper, the amusement seeker, the business man, the professional man, and every class of travelers to and from New York over the Pennsylvania Railroad.


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 Sole Agents for United States.

THE INGENIOUS AFRICAN.
 SAW-HORSE AND ROCKING-HORSE IN ONE.—*Lustige Woche.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that
 Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your
 getting the very best.



GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

HALF THE COST
 OF IMPORTED

Of the six American
 Champagnes exhib-
 ited, GREAT WEST-
 ERN was the Only
 One Awarded the
 Gold Medal at Paris
 Exposition, 1900.

Your Grocer or Dealer
 can Supply You
 Sold Everywhere

Pleasant Valley
 Wine Co.
 Rheims, N. Y.

Oldest and Largest Champagne House in America

"IGNORANCE of the law," said the
 judge, "is no excuse for crime."
 "May I inquire of your Honor,"
 asked the prosecuting attorney,
 "whether your Honor's remark is
 directed at the defendant or his coun-
 sel?" —*Record-Herald.*

Shine on!
 It not only gives a high, glowing, dur-
 able polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

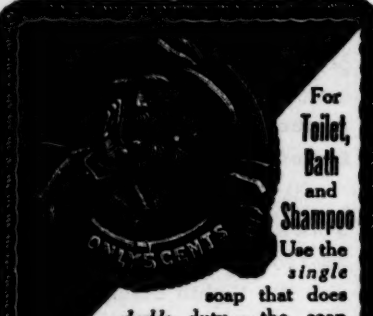
It will shine out! It benefits all metals, minerals or
 wood while cleaning them. See it in box. For sale by drug-
 stores and dealers. Send for sample to George
 Williams & Co., 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

GOOD EXAMPLE.

MR. CRIMSONBEAK. — Here's an
 item which says that the swan outlives
 any other bird, in extreme cases reach-
 ing three hundred years.

MRS. CRIMSONBEAK. — And remem-
 ber, John, the swan lives on water. —
Yonkers Statesman.

"It seems to me that I have seen
 you before."
 "You have, my lord. I used to
 give your daughter singing lessons."
 "Twenty years!" —*Cassell's.*



For
 Toilet,
 Bath
 and
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Use the
 single
 soap that does
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 which cleans and disinfects
 at the same time.

LIFEBUOY

Soap is the health soap of the
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 soft and smooth
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 Cambridge, Mass.

HOUSE-PARTY TIME.

"Do you believe in Fate?" he asked, as he snuggled closer.
 "Well," answered the girl, "I believe that what's going to happen will
 happen." —*Cornell Widow.*

NOT only was there a decrease in the amount of cotton that was ginned
 last year, but it is believed that there was a considerable lessening in the num-
 ber of rickys ginned during the same period. —*Indianapolis News*

"AM I really and truly your first and only love?" queried the dear girl.
 "No," answered the truthful drug-clerk, "but you are something just as
 good." —*Chicago News.*

Don't Play with Fire

A COMMON caution to children but also good for
 grown men and women. You **are** playing with fire
 when you insure your property without carefully select-
 ing the company which promises to protect you against
 loss. Companies differ just like individuals. Why take
 chances when, at no extra cost, safety can be had by
 simply saying to your agent when your insurance expires,
 "Get me a policy in the **Hartford.**"

The **Hartford Fire Insurance Company** is the
 best known of all the fire insurance companies in America.
 For a century it has promptly paid every loss, the aggre-
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 never in danger from the hidden rocks of stock specula-
 tion, because invested only in the safest securities. One
 hundred years of life and growth have demonstrated its
 able management and unshaken stability. You are **not**
 playing with fire when you


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Any Agent or Broker Can Get You a
Hartford Policy.



STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1910

Capital,	- - -	\$ 2,000,000.00
Liabilities,	- - -	14,321,953.11
Assets,	- - -	23,035,700.61
Surplus for Policy-holders,		8,713,747.50



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ORIGINAL LONDON
Cigarettes

Yesterday, today and always, anywhere, everywhere the proper thing to smoke.

CAMBRIDGE 25c
in boxes of ten

AMBASSADOR 35c
the after-dinner size
In Cork and Plain Tips

"The Little Brown Box"

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All kinds of Paper made to order.

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A Necessity with Knee Drawers



They fit so well you forget they're there.
Twenty-Five Cents, Fifty Cents and One Dollar
from dealers or sample direct from A. Stein
& Co., 505 Center Avenue, Chicago.
Be sure the box says "Paris Garters"
—no metal can touch you.



NO METAL
can touch you

By THE CARD.

"Will Brother Jones kindly lead?" was asked by the pastor at the beginning of the prayer service.
Waking with a start at the mention of his name the deacon almost broke up the service by replying: "I led last time; it's your turn. What's trumps?"
—*Philadelphia Record*.

"How is the water in the bath, Lisette?"
"Cold, my lady. It turned baby fairly blue."
"Then don't put Fido in for an hour or so."—*Pittsburg Post*.



**THE
FINEST
BEER
EVER
BREWED**

ASK FOR IT AT THE CLUB, CAFE
OR BUFFET
INSIST ON "BLATZ"
CORRESPONDENCE
INVITED DIRECT



THE HENPECKED HUBBY.

HE (beseechingly).—But, Amelia, if you would only once scold!—*Fliegende Blätter*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that
Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your
getting the very best.

A TAME DEFL.

Legler, the baker, bent over his counter, working away with a pencil and a piece of wrapping-paper, when Mrs. Liscum entered for a loaf of bread. Noticing on the paper a lot of familiar names, Mrs. Liscum asked: "What are you figuring there, Mr. Legler?" "Well, ma'am," says Legler, "I'm just putting down the names of all my friends that I can lick." "Is Harvey Liscum's name there?" asked Mrs. Liscum. "Yes," said the baker. "Yes, I got it down." Mrs. Liscum went home and told Harvey. He hastened to the bakery. "Legler," he said, "is it true I'm on the list of men you can lick?" "Yes," said Legler calmly, "I've got you down, Mr. Liscum." "Why, you little shrimp," roared Liscum, "I could eat you alive!" "Are you sure you could?" asked the baker. "You bet I'm sure!" said Liscum, shaking his fist in Legler's face. "Well then," said the baker sadly, "I guess I'll cross you off the list."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

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Have you a Craving for
Good Clean Humor?

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- ☐ It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive.
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- ☐ It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times.
- ☐ It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers.

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ask him to order it for you.



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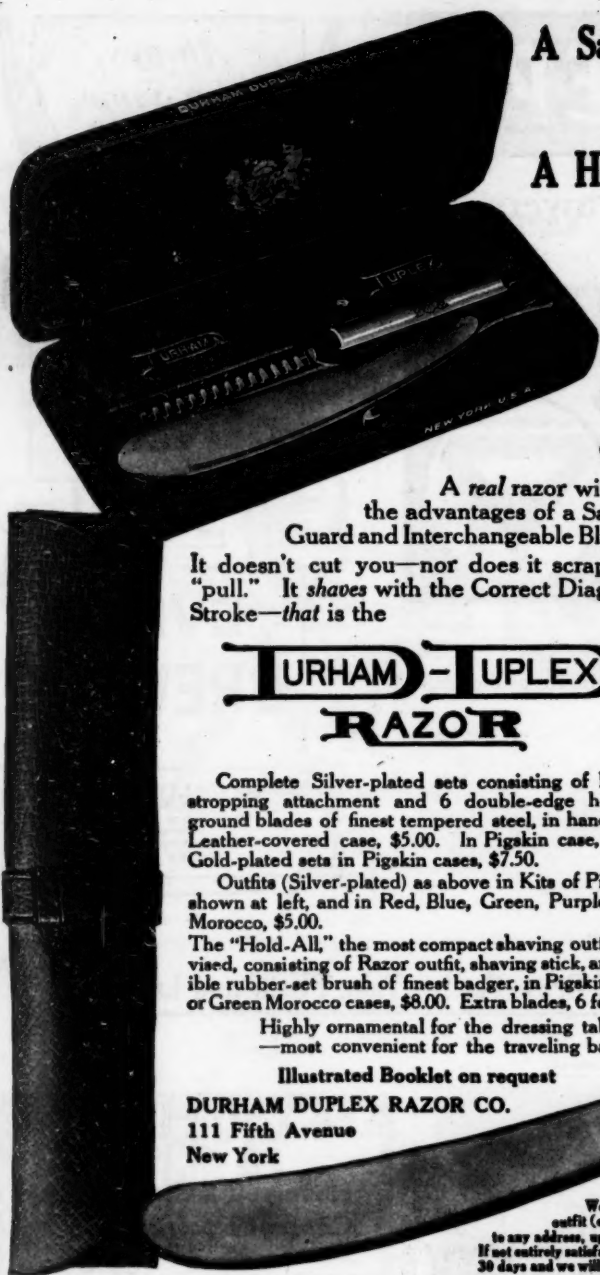
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PUCK, New York

Enclosed find ten cents for which send
me a liberal package of sample copies
of PUCK.

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A Safety-Razor?
Yes Sir!

A Hoe-Safety?
No Sir!

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agree.

A real razor with all
the advantages of a Safety-
Guard and Interchangeable Blades.
It doesn't cut you—nor does it scrape or
"pull." It shaves with the Correct Diagonal
Stroke—that is the

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR

Complete Silver-plated sets consisting of Razor,
stropping attachment and 6 double-edge hollow-
ground blades of finest tempered steel, in handsome
Leather-covered case, \$5.00. In Pigskin case, \$6.00.
Gold-plated sets in Pigskin cases, \$7.50.

Outfits (Silver-plated) as above in Kits of Pigskin,
shown at left, and in Red, Blue, Green, Purple or Black
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The "Hold-All," the most compact shaving outfit ever de-
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ible rubber-set brush of finest badger, in Pigskin, and Red
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Highly ornamental for the dressing table
—most convenient for the traveling bag.

Illustrated Booklet on request

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Free
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We will send complete
outfit (except the Hold-All)
to any address, upon receipt of price.
If not entirely satisfactory return within
30 days and we will refund your money.

\$400,000.00

The Victor Typewriter Company

Incorporated under the Laws of the State of New York.

¶ The capital stock of The Victor Typewriter Company
has recently been increased from \$350,000 to \$750,000. The
new issue is for the purpose of increasing the output of the plant.

¶ A portion of this common stock (par value \$100) is now
offered to the public at \$125 per share.

¶ The factory has orders in hand for 7,500 machines.
The Victor retails at \$100.

¶ Not more than \$150,000 worth of this new issue will be
sold at the present time, and the right to reject any application,
and to award a smaller amount than applied for, is reserved.

G. W. CAMPBELL, 812 Greenwich Street, New York.

JUSTIFIED?

"Jane," said a lady rather sharply to her cook, "I must insist that you
keep better hours and that you have less company in the kitchen at night. Last
night you kept me from sleeping because of the uproarious laughter of one of
your friends."

"'Vis, mum, I know," was the apologetic reply, "but she could n't help it.
I was a-tellin' of her how you tried to make cake one day."—*Ladies' Home
Journal.*

I. W. HARPER

KENTUCKY WHISKEY

Celebrated for its purity.
Sought after for its perfect flavor.
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VANDYKE BROWNE.—Peace, my dear lady, peace and refinement, those are the two essentials
in an artist's surroundings. [Enter Master and Miss Browne. Tableau.]—*Punch.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.



BROMO-SELTZER

CURES
HEADACHES

10¢, 25¢, 50¢, & \$1.00 Bottles.

A MODEL OF NEW YORK.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD SENDS A REMARKABLE EXHIBIT TO BERLIN.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

BERLIN, April 23. — One of the features of the great town building exhibition to be held in Berlin in the coming Summer will be a thirty-three-foot-long model of Greater New York, which will be shown by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. It will include an underground cross-section showing the Pennsylvania's new terminal and tunnel schemes, as well as the intricate system of lines with which subterranean Gotham is now interlaced.

In one of the miniature tunnels, which is to be an exact reproduction of the original in all details except size, a train of cars consisting of three Pullmans pulled by an electric locomotive will make trips.

The Pennsylvania Company announces that its new terminal plant, which will be shown in miniature, represents a cost of \$90,000,000. — N. Y. Times.

WHAT EVERY JOURNALIST KNOWS.

NICE OLD LADY. — Will you kindly tell me if the lady who writes "The Mother's Page" every week in your paper is in? I want to tell her how much I have enjoyed reading her articles on "The Evening Hour in the Nursery."

OFFICE-BOY. — That's him over there with the pink shirt smokin' a pipe. — *Minneapolis Tribune.*

"WHEN I returned from my poker party last night my wife just looked at me; not a word was spoken."

"My wife looked at me too, and I don't believe a word was unspoken." — *Houston Post.*

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

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Photogravure in Sepia, 11 x 8 in.

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"Sir, I have no home," began the seedy-looking man, "and——"

"No taxes to pay, no rent, no coal bills, no worry over the rise in milk prices! Permit me to congratulate you."

"I have no job, and——"

"Lucky chap! No danger of being fired."

"But I am serious. I have no money, and——"

"No temptation to spend it foolishly on able-bodied beggars. Why, you're a veritable child of fortune. Good-day!" — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

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Natural Laxative
Water

Recommended
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Refuse Substitutes
Best remedy for

CONSTIPATION
AT ALL DRUGGISTS



"THE sheriff levied on our scenery in the third act. Fortunately he had been an actor himself at one time."

"What happened?"

"We got away with our hand-baggage while he was taking a curtain call." — *Courier-Journal.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

JANITOR. — Who was that whistlin' down de tube?

HELPER. — Woman on de third floor wants more steam.

JANITOR. — Hit de third pipe a couple o' times wit' de hammer. — *Exchange.*



SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe its delights."

The Tobaccos are all aged. Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting. In the blending, seven different tobaccos are used. Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself—nothing so rich in flavor—so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.

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SEND 10 CENTS for sample which will convince.

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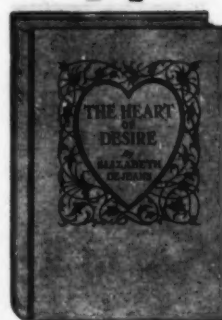
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DRINK
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Keeps body, brain and looks, youthful.

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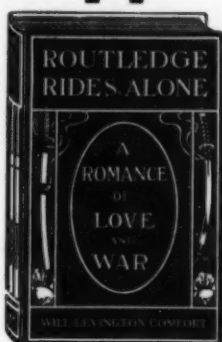


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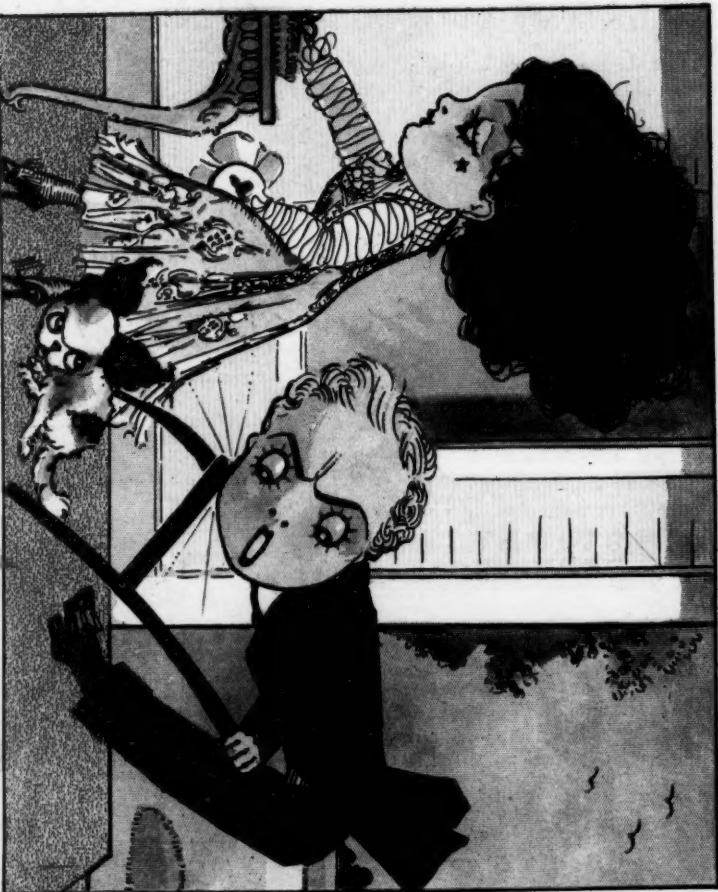
THE INNOCENT BYSITTER.



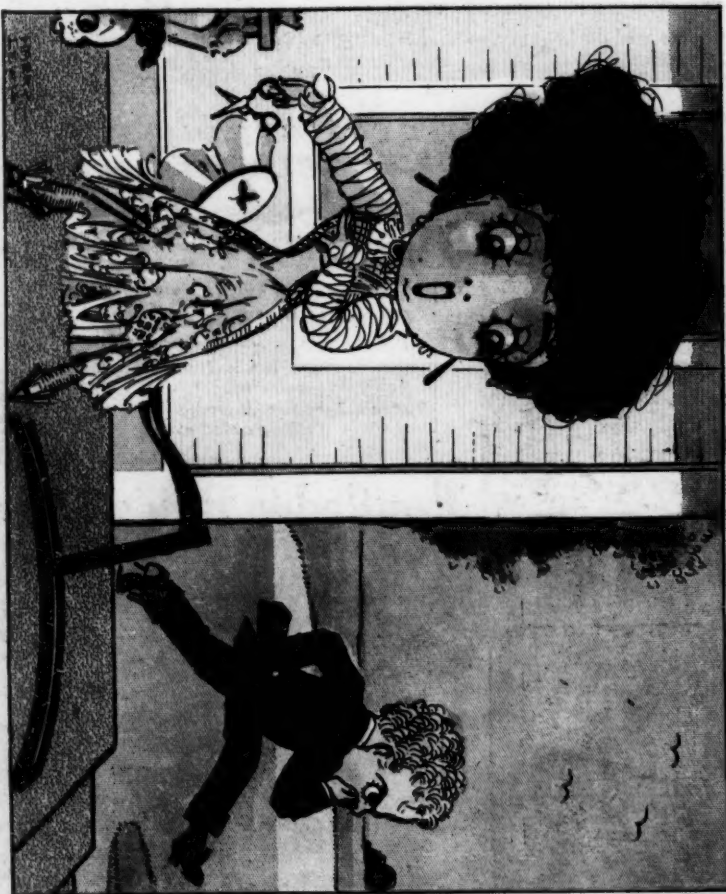
I.
CHERRY CHAP AND BOSY MISS.



II
WHAT'S HE TRYING FOR—A KISS?



III.
MAIDEN RISES FROM HER CHAIR—



IV.
"GOODNESS GRACIOUS! WHO WAS THERE?"